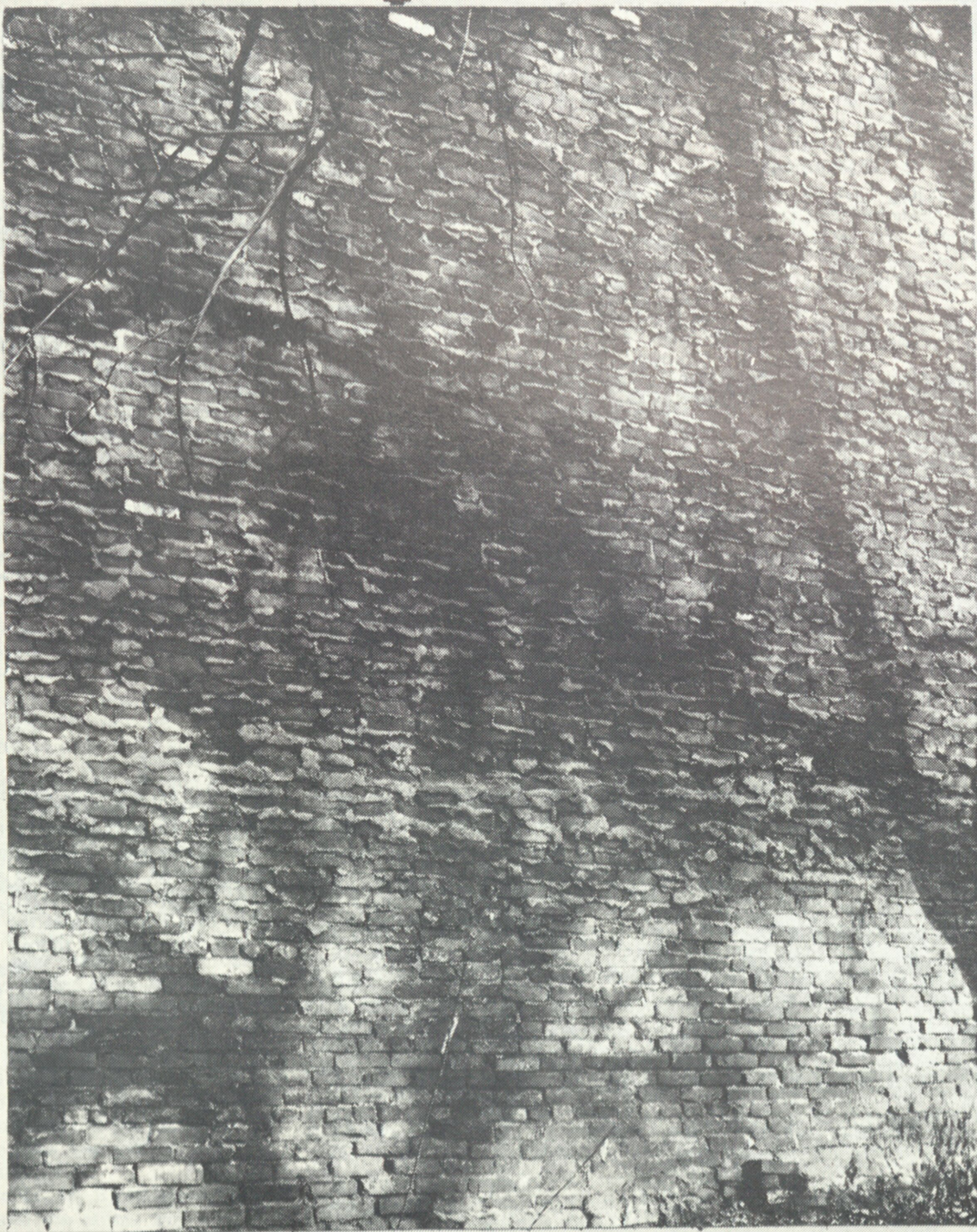
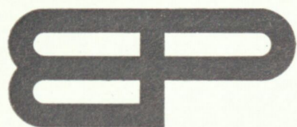




Blockprint



BLOCKPRINT

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FEBRUARY 26, 1968

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EDITORIAL

"CLOAK" AND DAGGER"

By this time, it seems quite evident that the faculty is showing a definite interest in unionizing.

It is also quite evident that the faculty is attempting to play down any public attention to their activities. Blockprint writers have been locked out of meetings, received glossed over accounts of negotiations, and have obviously and deliberately been avoided by the faculty representatives.

As a result of this childish hide-and-seek being performed by the faculty, and their cloak and dagger operations during meetings, I am convinced that the unionization of the faculty could only result with a situation worse than the existing one.

It is high time the faculty dropped their cloak of secrecy and came right out to tell the school what their actions and definite reasons are for unionization.

I can not now support the faculty's action. A unionization of the faculty could mean that any instructor who is a member of the union has a right to join our faculty — no matter how poor an instructor he may be.

Roy Furman

LETTERS

Dear Sir:

I feel that Susan Hacker's rebuttal to the article, "A Glass of Cheap Beer", by David Schorr was not completely fair. He very carefully did not accuse R.I.S.D. of having an "incompetent faculty, inferior to many mediocre art schools in the country". I am sure that even he would see the absurdity of such a conclusion.

I would like to add that it is quite evident from the last few issues of your magazine that there has been an immense metamorphosis in the format of "Blockprint". The articles are beginning to make sense. Although the publication has slimmed down some, it is a relief to read a passage in which expression and content have received equal attention.

Kate Steiger

To the Editor:

One chooses in which society to live. Our glorious country does offer some choice. I am shocked at your ignorance of all those who live in their own little utopias here, Creating one at R.I.S.D. is good practice for those all artists build when they graduate into the great "liberal arts" society out there.

Really,
S. Craig Weiss
'68 Illustration

(???-Editor)

WILL OUR FACULTY UNIONIZE?

On February 14, the RISD faculty held a meeting which has led to a great deal of whispered controversy and many uninformed misconceptions. The meeting was closed to everyone who is not a member of the teaching staff. Apparently, the administration did not even know about it in advance. The Providence Journal later published an article which said that RISD, along with other colleges in the state, is considering the possibilities of joining a recognized Faculty Union.

The secrecy involved with that meeting has perplexed both the misinformed student body, or at least those with whom I have spoken, and the administration. I have discovered that the meeting was not quite as mysterious as it seemed.

At that meeting, speakers from other schools who were members of various teachers' unions, and the union representatives themselves, spoke to our faculty about the unions, how they worked, and what their advantages and disadvantages are. The minutes of that meeting were given to certain members of the administrative staff.

On February 21, there was another meeting. Dr. Bush-Brown was invited, but was unable to attend. To all others, except the faculty, (and that includes this representative from Blockprint), the meeting was closed. Four people were elected to head the faculty in any plans toward organization. They are Dr. Thomas L. Reed, Mr. Robert A. Jungels, Mr. Ronald Binks, and Mr. Lee Barkley.

According to Mr. Binks, there is no intense feud over some specific incident which has taken place between the faculty and the administration; there is no irate fury burning in the souls of the faculty. The faculty is not about to go on strike. In fact, as nearly as I can perceive, there is no great issue involved. The members of the faculty were all unable to state any reason why any war should take place.

In other words, Mr Binks simply told me that he and the others who are interested in forming a union of any part want simply to explore what the possibilities are.

Of course, there is still a lot of controversy involved in the very idea of RISD, an independent art school, having a unionized faculty. Blockprint intends to explore all facets of the controversy,

all the possibilities involved, and any personal opinions which apply to the situation, and will keep the student body informed on exactly what is happening. My intent in this article is simply an introductory one. So far, absolutely nothing has been decided. Within a week, or two at the outside, the faculty as a whole will be making a definite statement as to their feelings and intentions. Until now, no one dares tell a reporter what they think personally because they honestly do not know what the opinions of the rest of the faculty members are.

From now on the controversy is an open one. Blockprint will welcome the comments and letters from any interested student. The different teachers' unions and their functions will be discussed, along with the opinions of various faculty members, students, and the administrative staff. At the moment, nothing has been decided, and none of the people with whom I have spoken seem to have the faintest idea what really is happening to our mystery-ridden faculty, much less what is going to happen.

Mari Shields



"SOME CATCH!"

A PERSONAL ACCOUNT

DRAFT WOMEN NOW!

"Our people are accustomed to hardships. I remember once, not long ago — at least not terribly long ago — that we were suddenly overwhelmed one afternoon by a wail. Perhaps it was a drone. As if a large mosquito were trapped in one's inner ear. In any event, some mechanism broke and began droning. It hasn't stopped since. One could feel one's head swell deep into the evening. Speech was impossible. Only one sound was truly audible."

"Some went mad. Most persevered. It was difficult not speaking. But, in a matter of hours — or was it days? — no matter — soon we learned that life without speech was not unbearable. Later, we were able to distinguish certain sounds above the drone. At first those of us who heard the more pronounced sounds, such as an engine's rumble or a woman's scream, assumed we were insane, but this was not the case. The drone had become part of us! We were absorbing it. True, it was still there, but not for us. Our hearing is now so acute, that the sound of my pen scratching across this page can be heard by one passing before my hut. All is now audible . . ."

"During our silence the metaphysicians sought ways of saving our people. They formed theories about the drone. And later, after all had accustomed themselves to it, they presented a theory to the town's council. They gave it a complicated name. The drone, which should have deafened us, greatly improved our hearing, they argued. Why not stimulate our other senses in the same manner? Later they made a machine. To me it was no more than a flattened funnel attached to a box with a light inside it. But then I am only . . ."

"The council passed an edict forcing everyone to stare into the machine. Now we are all blind. But this is only temporary, the metaphysicians assure us. Soon we will be able to see in undreamed detail. Every day we receive longer and more profound assurance."

"And I cannot help wondering what will happen if the droning should ever stop."

Paul Bates

While women are never drafted, they are now doing about everything else men do in this country.

Compelling arguments for scrapping the present draft system and substituting two years of universal service is contained in the article: "Draft Women Now!" It appears in the first issue of *Eye*, the new monthly magazine for young men and women.

The author, Peter Hamill, is convinced that, under this suggested system, girls could and should serve everywhere but on the firing line — and he's not so sure they could not do the latter, either.

"If women were drafted," says Hamill, "the armed services could find literally hundred of thousands of jobs for them to fill. The Pentagon is overflowing with burly sergeants and corporals assaulting typewriters, filing papers, mimeographing press releases and going for coffee.

"Women could replace them with hardly any strain on the system, and they certainly could improve the manners around the place. Women could work in Army hospitals and Army schools; they could be draftsmen, supply officers, storekeepers, chefs, jour-

nalists, technicians. They could fill any job that now occupies a serviceman who is not actually in the battlefield."

And why not? "After all," says Hamill, "they had the right to vote for years now, and, indeed, their numbers are the crucial factor in electing presidents, but they do not have to fight the wars those presidents pursue.

"They can compete for the same jobs, more often than not earn the same money, pay the same taxes, and enjoy the same alleged benefits of citizenship.

"Women are simply not expected to serve their country."

"They have created the most bizarre role in our history for themselves and the rest of us have finally accepted it. Through guile and deception, women have become a kind of collective June Allyson, standing tearfully in the wings, while Jimmy Stewart flies off with Curtis Lemay to bomb the latest edition of the Yellow Peril into the Stone Age."

The author concludes: "The reason why so many young people, men and women alike, feel estranged from Government is because their Government never asks that they do anything for their country except kill strangers."

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A 'POOL OF TALENT' ... POLICY FOR DANCES HELD AT R.I.S.D.

"Think of the wonders skilled American personnel could work, building goodwill, building the peace. There is not enough money in all America to relieve the misery of the undeveloped world in a giant and endless soup kitchen. But there is enough know-how and enough knowledgeable people to help those nations help themselves.

"I therefore propose that our inadequate efforts in this area be supplemented by a 'peace corps' of talented young men willing and able to serve their country in this fashion for three years as an alternative to peace-time selective service — well-qualified through rigorous standards — well-trained in the language, skills and customs they will need to know — and directed and paid by the ICA-Point Four agencies. We cannot discontinue training our young men as soldiers of war — but we also need them as 'ambassadors of peace.'

"This would be a volunteer corps — and volunteers would be sought among talented young women as well — and from every race and walk of life. For this nation is full of young people eager to serve the cause of peace in the most useful way.

"I have met them on campaigns across the country. When I suggested at the University of Michigan lately that we needed young men and women willing to give up a few years to serve their country in this fashion, the students proposed a new organization to promote such an effort. Others have indicated a similar response — offering a tremendous pool of underdeveloped nations."

John F. Kennedy, 1960

Dances will be scheduled through the SAO at least ten (10) days in advance. Dances will not normally be held on evenings preceding days of classes. The student in charge of the dance will leave his name, address and phone number with the SAO at that time. This student will invite faculty guests so that at least two (2) faculty members will have accepted invitations one week in advance, and the SAO will then be notified of the names of such guests.

The required number of paid Providence policemen (usually 2) and special policemen (usually 1) will be secured through the R.I.S.D. Chief of Security at least one week in advance upon prior request from the student in charge of the dance. The student in charge of the dance will also arrange for janitorial help (usually costing about \$20.00).

Poster publicity for the dance will be cleared through the SAO and distributed at least one week in advance. *Block-print* publicity would have to be submitted at least two Wednesdays in advance. Any other form of publicity must be cleared for release through the SAO Director and the school Publicity Officer. Normally, public media publicity, such as that on radio or in newspapers, will not be approved.

Licences for dances with a door charge will be secured at least one week in advance at the City Hall (North Entrance) by a person over 21 years of age.

Dance admission charges may not be less than \$1.00 per person or \$1.50 per couple, and one R.I.S.D. student identification card must be presented per person or per couple at the door. The student in charge of the dance will assure that *male* students attend the

door to check that these admission procedures are effective and that admitted persons receive the customary wrist-stamp. No one will be admitted during the last hour of a dance.

In the event that no alcohol is present at a dance, it may occasionally be possible, through the SAO Director, to waive the admission charge though not the presentation of student I. D. cards for admission.

When there is to be provided a student-supervised bottle-checking bar — the only condition under which liquor may be present — permission for such must be secured at the time the dance is scheduled with the SAO. Bottles will be checked and numbered checks distributed upon admission at the door. These bottles will then be taken by one of the two student bartenders to the bar. A student failing to maintain his bottle in check will be asked to leave the dance by the student in charge of the dance.

No one will be admitted who is obviously inebriated.

This policy is designed to continue the prevailing conditions under which dances have been held but to ensure that past disruptions of dances by outsiders will not recur and thus jeopardize the continuation of dances at Rhode Island School of Design. Since extremely large crowds, by exceeding fire regulations, may also jeopardize the continued existence of Rhode Island School of Design dances, it is recommended that entertainment be secured at reasonable and realistic fees so that operating costs do not demand extremely large paying crowds in order to break even financially.

Donald P. Reutlinger
Dean of Students

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QUANTUM OF SOLACE

Well, and it's Sunday afternoon. Funny thing about Sundays . . . Monday through Saturday you grind out your required work because you have to, while the sky alternately showers you with rain or snow or both. It finally dawns on Sunday, and things are different.

Awakening at ten o'clock or so — even later, it doesn't really matter — the sun either diffuses slowly through the room or beams on your head. The covers are chaotically distributed on you and the bed, effectively keeping you snuggled and covered no matter how you stretch — and you feel every fiber yawn and relax. Myriad delights on awakening . . . the blue sky parades overhead, painting the window and intricately completing the jigsaw puzzle formed by the branches of trees. The smell of perking coffee arouses you like a girl in a bikini. Basic reactions to breakfast stimuli — hot, cold, slicky good . . . The coffee cup cradled, nestled in your hand — a warm friend.

Mellow, syrupy-smooth, music for a Sunday afternoon — faint sounds from the street below; remember waking from your naps and dimly hearing the sounds of children and honking horns; it's analagous. The music fades away to a dull whisper in your ears, and cocooned in a chair you absent-mindedly stare out the window — not thinking of affairs of state, your work, weather — not thinking of anything. Sheets of amber light infiltrate everywhere, and suddenly you are outside. Quantum of solace as you board your bike — lose your soul on a twisty Barrington road, switchbacks to howling highway, chug down deserted and free Benefit Street; the road lies prostrate beneath you, subject and responsive to your every whim . . . or walk down the street, devoid of raucous people, and find a spot to sit and ponder.

The wind blowing across your head raises your hair in salute; you're off and running into it before you realize . . . strata of colors seep the western horizon, grudgingly giving way to the advancing night . . . the uncertain hell of the week is to follow, but Sunday will always come, an eternal panacea.

— Gerry Del Monte

DEAR CHICKENHEARTS

Dear Chickenhearts,

I am a distraught mother. My son has been living with a girl to whom he is not married, and he had the nerve to ask his father's and my permission to get married — *before* he has graduated! His talents are much too good to be wasted on such a girl. The opportunities for him to travel and meet people will be stifled by his marriage to her. Please tell me what I should do.

A Nervous Wreck

Dear Nervous Wreck,

Chickenhearts; shall answer, not this to be an overlooked one. To answer this a short story for enlightenment shall unfold to you, a red hot mama. When on my travels all over, I once came upon a soul sitting in the dust crying over the loss of her favorite fingernail. As she cried, she wept, "Oh my, it was the longest and most promising of all. What will I do?" Said I to her as now to you, "Like a dirty old man in the Bronx Zoo once said, 'When you bite the nails that leave you, you gotta expect what you laid for' "

Dear Chickenhearts,

There seems to be a slight discrepancy in the sophomore history course as to whether ideas or ideas in context should win out. Each lecture so far this semester has been a battlefield in regard to this question, forcing the student body to choose sides. Is it possible, do you think, that we may learn something about the nineteenth century and any other concepts besides the Cold War of the twentieth century?

Curious

Dear Curious,

Not to be the least of what is said, I shall forthwith elude all nonsense and state, open to the light, the opinion here I shall say to you,

Fat and Skinny had a race

Up and down the pillow case.

Back and forth came the tears

But naught was taught of Arts and Ideas.

The Cold War continued both day and both night

And Skinny was struck by a terrible plight.

Said Fat, "So what! We'll see you next week:

Same time, same station, same plot, same freak."

Dear Chickenhearts —

Woe is me, for I am heavy with problem. Please help such as I with this legitimate gripe:

My boyfriend, Lancelot, has finally consented to walk me home after dates, but if I just happen to drop in for a friendly chat, he refuses to see me home. I live just across the street but am afraid of being raped. I have such awful dreams all the time. How, Chickenheart, can I get dear Lancelot to walk me home on such visits and end my terrible fears?

Sore Afraid

Dear Sore Afraid —

Have you no fear poopsy, because I, seeing problems, can remedy as these. This is what you, some night darkly, are to do as a cure, guaranteed, for forth-said problems: Take a large paper bag full ripe with rose petals thusly. Then, on your way, go to the garage and take one, the largest of all garden impliments, and paint a true black. As the sun has set, long past, then take this impliment, fixed so, and place in the street, full exposed. Doing so, quickly run to Lancelot's doorstep lightly with the bag paper full of rose petals. Hide quietly there until a car rushes forth upon the impliment in the street's middle. At such an onslaught it shall bounce up, hit the bumper, and go "bang"! The driver of said car will stop, jump out, and inspect what has happened. To his chagrin he will look forth upon the garden tool and with disgust on his breath yell, "RAKE." At such a shout Lancelot inside will, like any young male, misinterpret the said shout and run forth through the front door to see what has happened. At this, you will spring from the shrubs, shower him with the bag of rose petals, and caress him madly. Being so dazzled by the freaky environment, he madly will fall passionately in love with you. Chickenhearts guarantees this symbolic happening, and rest assured: you shall no longer go unescorted in life.

Dear Chickenhearts —

Help! I live in Providence.

Unsigned

Dear Unsigned —

Much pity and sympathy.

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PANACEA FOR ARCHITECTS

RISD Architectural Society is trying to acquire room 401 in the JMB as their private hideaway, or as they put it, their "focus." To read the notice put in my, and your, box; one would think that it was the "first and immediate" cure for an ailing organization — the present officers took over because none were interested. (For their sake) the problem is deeper and universal all over RISD.

The architectural studio and presentation facilities for the students are already lacking without giving over 600 sq. ft. to the A. S. Of course they tell me that we need a place to play with

ourselves while reading the Architectural journals which are presently kept in the library. I suppose lounge furniture will be paid for by the student activities fund. But "Brutus was an honorable man" and so the AS; they want to protect their blueprint machine from ravaging non-members. It wasn't non-members who wrecked the machine, but the fumble-fingered mechanical idiots in the society (author's observation).

Maybe after the AS lounge is set up in 401, the World Affairs club will get Homer Lounge and the ceramics club Dean Paisner's office — great.

— Gerald Nyren, Arch. soph.

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TOMORROW

ARIES (March 23 - April 22)

Venus will be in Aquarius on the 19, sextile to Sun; dreams, hopes, and wishes will materialize, as will beautiful and out-of-the-ordinary relationships.

TAURUS (April 23 - May 22)

Venus brings an exciting, brief, romantic affair — excitement and fascination due to the tune of Pluto, Jupiter, Uranus to the Sun; particular happiness on the 19.

GEMINI (May 23 - June 22)

Your romantic relationships promise to be harmonious starting the 19, not especially new or extraordinary.

CANCER (June 23 - July 23)

This month holds strong tendencies for separations.

LEO (July 24 - August 23)

From the 15 to the 28, you will be

especially attractive to the opposite sex; expand your romantic interests.

VIRGO (August 23 - September 22)

Your attachments will continue and thrive after the 13 without upsets. The sincerity of another's love will be proven between the 12-19, when Venus is in Capricorn.

LIBRA (September 23 - October 22)

Venus enters your house of love on the 19; will be a time of many affectionate ovatures and compliments. Chicks, be careful of conception, as Venus is a fruitful and reproductive influence.

SCORPIO (October 23 - November 22)

Mars and Mercury in house of love in severe opposition to Pluto and Uranus in house of friends, hopes, wishes.

SAGITTARIUS

(November 23 - December 23)

Mars in house of love will give you peculiarity and magnetism, the willingness to take risks on romantic affairs.

CAPRICORN

(December 24 - January 22)

Venus will be in Capricorn until the 19 and will cause tendencies to be fickle.

AQUARIUS (January 23 - February 22)

Venus enters Sun sign on 19, with optimism, idealism. You will strengthen friendship ties, and experience an increase in physical appeal. On 28, Venus will be sextile to Saturn; long wished for dream will come true.

PISCES (February 23 - March 22)

Cautious Pisces, after the 19 take heart! Life will be smooth until the 28 with Saturn as a beneficial influence on your endeavors.

— Peggy



CALENDAR

Monday, February 26 —

- 3:30 p.m. Faculty Lounge — Development Committee Meeting
- 5:00 p.m. Upper Refectory — Executive Meeting for Student Council
- 5:00 p.m. Gym — Wrestling Practice
- 7:45 p.m. Worcester — Hockey with Holy Cross; bus leaves North Main parking lot at 6:00 p.m.

Tuesday, February 27 —

- 12:30 p.m. Gym — Dance class
- 1:00 p.m. Student Lounge — Tape Forum
- 3:00 p.m. 432 College Building — Sound Workshop
- 7:30 p.m. Homer Study Lounge — Dorm Council Meeting
- 9:00 p.m. Tennis Club — Tennis — Sign up at SAO

Wednesday, February 28 —

- 5:00 p.m. Gym — Wrestling practice
- 7:00 p.m. 432 College Building — Meeting of Peace in Viet Nam Committee
- 7:30 p.m. Student Lounge — Newman Club Meeting
- 7:30 p.m. 412 College Building — Student Council Meeting

- 8:00 p.m. Memorial Hall — Lecture on Photography by Jerry Uelsmann; sponsored by the Photography Department

Thursday, February 29 —

- 9:00 a.m. 425 College Building — Recruiting; Placement Office
- 12:00 n Gym — Dance Class
- 1:00 p.m. Student Lounge — Tape Forum
- 6:00 p.m. Boys Club — Swimming
- 7:30 p.m. Memorial Hall — Films: "I Am a Camera" "Tell Tale Heart"
- 9:30 p.m. Worcester — Hockey with Holy Cross; bus leaves at 7:30 p.m. from North Main parking lot

Friday, March 1 —

- 5:00 p.m. Gym — Wrestling practice
- 8:00 p.m. Tennis Club — Tennis — Sign up at SAO

Sunday, March 3 —

- 2:30 p.m. Memorial Hall — Museum Film — Cartoon Parade
- 7:00 p.m. Upper Refectory — Catholic Mass

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Anyone wishing to submit work to SPECTRUM* must bring it to SAO by February 29th. All work will be considered.

*RISD'S Experimental Magazine for art work or writing.

Freshman drawings are on exhibit in the lobby of the Freshman Building from February 21 through the month of March.

Sound Workshop

We need twenty singers; 5 sopranos 5 altos, 5 tenors, 5 basses. If you like to sing on key we meet every Tuesday at 4:30 in room 432 College Building.

Please come if you are interested. We plan to perform in the Gymnasium on May 7th (tentatively) madrigals and a requiem. Come. More info from Box 115.

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